

JOHN THOMPSON'S MAN; 7

OR, A SHORT K

S U R V E Y

OF THE

DIFFICULTIES and DISTURBANCES

That may attend a married Life.

To which is added

Some very extensive and most salutary

OBSERVATIONS thereon

With certain and approved

RULES for the Choice of a WIFE.

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*Felix quem faciunt aliena percula cautos.*

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*Licensed and enter'd according to Order.*

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*THE* Design of publishing this small Treasure is not to dissuade any from Marriage it being the Doctrine of Devils so to do, but only a few Words spoken in Allusion to a Wilful Mariner, who disdaining the Rules of his Compass, and the Advice of his Pilot, running himself, Ship, Goods, and all he hath, headlong upon known Rocks, and other apparent Dangers; and the Author having steered the same Course, and for his Pains sustaines the life Loss, thinks it now a Duty incumbent upon him to put forth a Beacon to prevent others from running the like Hazard; for he that setteth out wilfully against both Wind, and Tide, rejecting the Conduct of Pilot or Compass, and taketh not Warning by other Mens Misfortunes, may surely be joined to those who vend an Ounce of Wit for a new Nose, because they cannot see an inch before the old one, and also may be likened to the rotten Sheep, that run best down the Brae, clinching as they can.

Sic. subscribitur,

JOHN THOMPSON's Man.



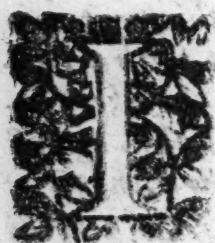
JOHN THOMPSON's *Man*;

O R, A

Short Survey of a MARRIED LIFE



*Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*



**I**N the first Place, I verily conceive, there be none in the World will justify any Man that falleth in a Ditch, when he can escape: Nor condemn me, for vindicating him, that shunneth an apparent Danger. But to be brief, in proceeding to what I intend, I shall only presume to give you a small Collection of old coined cramp Words, composed in more than ordinary odd Form; approven of by the Masters of the Mint, of the good Town of *Verity*, where all such Coiners reside without Process of Law. And for any Irregularites,



Irregularities I make no other Vindication but what is contained in the old Proverb, *To ride the Ford as you find it, and apprehend no Danger till you be over.* And admit of this my first observation on the intended Subject as follows, *viz.*

There be many suppose to themselves if they had a Wife, they want nothing more, but behold when they have got the Wife, they want all Things but the Wife with the old Tocher-good, which is sometimes more Wind than Wealth, more Sauce than Fish, and more Draff than Butter. Which makes Pride hing as straight upon the Back of Poverty, as a Tawlor makes a Flea hing on the end of the Thread of Justice.

But surely, such Blades as those have Tongues a great deal wiser than their Heads; who manage their Affairs so precipitantly without mature Deliberation; and may really be reckoned inrolled and incorporate, amongst the Masters and Managers of the Cork Manufactory, who take not Warning by them that are almost runied by a Cross, Sullen, Perverse, Inveterate Invektive Indifferent, Unvolving, Undutiful, Fraud, Petted, Peevish, Concitate, Comstary, Malicious, Vain, Dorty, Inconstant, Evil-natured

Wife, that p—s always upon Nettles, and counts herself worth so meikle Mice Dirt, that there can be neither *He* nor *Had* again with her for Want of Midding Preference.

For Marriage is nothing but a Lottery, far more dangerous than an *East India* Voyage, which certainly proves so true to many ones sad Experience; because Beauty, or Money, being the only two first preferable Things that most Men look to.

As to the *First* then, I would have you to consider, that Beauty and Honesty seldom agree; for straight Persons have often crooked Conditions, fair Faces, foul Vices, and very often Foolishness to the Boot.

And as to the *Second*, Money is the Root of so dangerous a consequence, that it has caused many a Man to shake his Foot, and little Mirth in his Mind, and oftentimes observed to prove more Plague than Pleasure one Way or other.

3dly, Beauty can 'be no value without Piety, Virtue and Honesty; but it is, so many Men, so many Minds: 'Tis thy Fancy makes her fair and lovely, and when all is done, you are but in Love with your own Fancy, and an Image of thy own erecting, for Beauty at best is but Skin deep, so consider, when thou admirest a beautiful Woman

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(as the Object of thy Fancy) that is but a Bundle of Clay, Dust and Ashes thou admirest, which fadeth as a Flower.

But 4<sup>thly</sup>, as I have mentioned before, I neither do nor shall contemn Marriage in any Sort, provided it be with a pious chaste and virtuous, honest Woman, (which is the inward Beauty, far more estimable than the outward Shew) but where there one that arrives to that Heaven of Happiness, there are Thousands that do split upon the precipitant Rocks of Misfortune otherways.

But to escape those Rocks of Precipitancy and to prevent all Rashness, Dangers and Inconveniencies, that may occur on any of these Heads, make it your Business to find out a Woman with these Properties, viz. Piety, Patrimony, Parentage, Personage, Prudence, Policy, Virtue, and if she have any more, she is never a Whit the Worse.

For all the Days of many a one's married Life is stuffed with nothing else but Fears Cares, Miseries, Torments, Vexation, Troubles and Anxieties; and all that Envy, Malice, Fury, the Tongue and Tongues can invent the Concomitants of many a one's married Life; for they run on head-long in such a Course of Folly and Madness, never so much as dreaming of the Necessity of having

some visible Prospect how they shall lay the Foundation of their future State, either spiritually or temporally, supposing to themselves if they be married all is right, without ever meditating upon the Design which was instituted for Love, Peace and Concord, and a conjunct Help to each other in all Cases lawful, for no bye-end will suit that Design; And as to their temporal State, if there be no more requisite in married Life than four bare Legs, ask Mr. *Moneyless*, and see.

And 5thly, if a Man be truded with a Woman labouring under any of these Defects mentioned in the following Suppositions. let Mr. *Robert Reason* judge if they be not best beguiled that gets none of them.

And first, if thy Wife happen to be humourous, or peevishly conceited when she has not all to her mind, she'll look so like the Bum-end of a Bag-pipe, and be such an ill Web to bleach, there being nothing but Discord and continual Strife.

2dly, If she be simple, and not so Wise as she ought, she'll be so taken up with her old Friend *Littleworth* that thou hadst better married a Stone, and picked a bare Bone; for she'll disgrace thee at all Times and Places,  
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and ruin thy Affairs, and make you to look as if you were all nipped with Nipples.

3dly, If she be one conceitedly wise, it is as bad if not worse, for she'll keep such a close Correspondence with old *Peter Puff up* that she'll slight thee and thy Judgments, and rule all herself, though she destroy all with *Phæton*.

4thly, If she be one neat and cleanly, thou wilt be sure of dirty Gouppens, and a Nieveful-be-stroak with her, and she'll be so like her brinked Brother *Roby Ram*, looking thro' the Wand-door, that thou wilt surely loath her, and certainly fall out of Conceit with her.

5thly, If she be too curious and delicate, Pride and Pleasure will be her chief Devotion, and by that Means she may ruin thee; for Pride and Idleness take so much uphold-ing, that she will spend all thy Substance, and as *Lucian* observes, all *Arabia* will not serve to perfume her Hair, and then you'll be forc'd to take the long Ten to your Tail.

6thly, If she be one of the *Live Loose* Bairn-time, she will have all her Acquaintance about her at once; particularly *Madam Conceit*, and her Sister *Dame Curiosity*, Lady  
Madam



Madam *Vanity*, and her Attendant Mistress *Carnality*, with Consent of *Helem Heady*, and her Accomplice *Lillias Lightbody*, old *Lucky Hategood*, and her Daughter Mistress *Impudence*, and their dear sweet Cousin *Deacon Pride*, *Fashion Farmer*, sole Tutor and Governor, who puffs them all up with a Spirit of Giddiness, sends them all packing to Church like wild Geese in a Line, to stand like Bog-stalkers, to divert themselves and others from hearing the word, and bring them home again with their Mouths full of such Debates, as would make carle Cats weep Vinegar with their Eyes, and a great many more long tailed Arguments, such as would make dead Men laugh, or a Horse break his Halter : For some will contend that Mistress *Civility* is not in Fashion, and others will be laughing *Modesty* to Scorn, and others debating strongly about the Ruffling of *Rag-tail's* Gown, others clattring about their Antiquity, some about their Nativity and Genealogy, some puffed up with Pelf, which they never won, upbraiding *Humility* and expressing themselves to become of a Blood, which being refered to *Tell-truth*, declares, *That so is a Pudding; for one, says he, may know by your dun Skins, you have been baptized with Pubding-broth.* The Verity of which I shall appeal to that antient Physician Dr. *Death*, who will at once silence such Talk, by Want of Breath.

7thly,

7thly, If she be a Beauty, and gaudy airy, she'll be more virtuous by Chance than Principle, and surely slight thee, and perhaps cuckold thee, and put thee in *Action's* Livery, to live and die a Wretch, and be a daily Companion to *Rob* the Cripple.

8thly, If she be homely or ugly, she'll paint, and that's odious; and if she do not, she'll look so like the grim Gimmer that lamb'd in the Shower, that the very Sight of her, will be an Antidote against Love.

9thly If she be an old Maid, 'tis a hundred to one but she die of her first Child, and if not, the Children themselves often die, and then you will be as far out of Order as a Fiddle wanting Strings.

10thly, If she be a lusty vigorous young one, all Cork over, 'tis in a Hazard if she have breeding and Discretion to manage thy Affairs, or be not wanton and lustful, &c. And if she be not pleased, you know when and where thou hast better been hang'd, for she'll cuckold thee, and make thee weary of thy Life, and set you the Highway to the Back of *November* to pickle Birdseed.

11thly, If she be an old rotten-runt rich Widow, thou mayest be ruined that Way for she will gibble-gabble like a Goose, and be  
so

so thirsty, that when she holds in at one Door she'll set twice as much out at another, and make away all to her Children or Friends before she engage you, and still furnish them out of the Estate too; *for*, as the Proverb says, *he that marries a Wife with five Children, marries six Thieves.* And besides, she'll still torment thee with a Number of Stories of the Virtues and good Qualifications of her first Husband, though he never had any; and can there be any thing more tormenting, and odious? But if it be thy sole Choice to marry a Widow, let it be always such an one whose Husband was hanged, or died a worse Death and then to be sure she will not dad him in your Teeth.

12<sup>thly</sup>, If she be a young Widow with a brisk Shell and a rotten Birnel, ten to one but she will ask more of you than you are able to give her, besides the Loss of a Burgess ticket, then you'll be a pretty Vizard-mask to hide her foul Tricks; for the Name of a Husband will be enough to cure all Sores Slips and Abominations, and so leave you to chew your Cud.

13<sup>thly</sup>, If she be either a Widow or Maid, and have no Fortune, and knoweth nothing but the Want of Virtue, and other suitable Endowments, she'll bring Sorrow, Trouble, and Beggary with her: And if you be not capable

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pable to maintain her in all Things, ye'll look rather like the Laird of aPity than a *Whittred* wanting Teeth.

14thly, If she be rich and well born, then you'll surely think you have caught a Loach or a Flea in your Hose; but remember her Friend may ruin thee by laying on thee, and she'll be so lofty, that she'll despise Virtue and all good Properties, and pray no oftner than she pays her Debts, and link upon the Chain of Charity, so that it can reach no further than herself, except to set off the poor with that old Saying, *Go Home to your own Parishes*; and be so seemingly religious as to trip to Church twice a Year, for Devotion's Sake, to know who is in better Fashion than herself; so that you had better be dead and out of the Way, for she must rant, revel, say and do what she will, be it right or wrong, and in so doing, perhaps, beggar thee at last.

15thly. If she be one that has past the Disciplin of Sir *John Bettle*, then you will undoubtedly be obliged to set a Watch to her Tail, for if your Bread were a Bieker it will go for the Liquor. And so Sir *John* will come to be Master of all, and leave you to put the other Clout on his Cloak, and live upon *Meg Mutchkins* Comfort, and then stand as bumbaz'd as a catling counting *F---ts.*

19thly, If



16thly, If you wed an old mapfic, murlic, mupit, crouch-backed, milk-mow'd, wirlic-faced, nipped, deformed Creature to be thy Wife, it is surely more out of love to her gear than herself; but as the Proverb say, *Need makes naked men run, and Sorrow makes Websters spin*, for it is her Money renders her as nimble as an Eel, and clouts all her broken Clampers: But consider, it is often observed that you leave behind you the Product of the Soil, which is crook-backed, heckle-headed, midge-wing'd, misfly-kited, lap-lugged, ill-haired, bee-stanged, flat-nosed, bow-legged squint eyed, Chandler-chafsted, sheavel-gabbed, left-handed, craik-tailed, yellow-wamed button-arsed, bum-footed beetle-boided, wap-nobbed, tanny-cheeked, foul-breeked, rep-shanked, fiddle-flanked, tout-mon'd, antick, apish, ugly, saucy, infirmed, diseased, donard doited, decriped, disjointed, distracted, distorted, weazel-faced, quarter-witted, punch-lipped, horn-hiped, ham-houghed, hair-brained, nonsensical, fantastical, goose-capical, cox-comical, and idiotical World's Wonder, bur-sen-body, not only to possess your Estate, but to build up your Family.—*A pretty Man indeed!* And if these be Help-meets let the World Judge.

So I think it is better for a Man to live alone (if he lives a pious, chaste, virtuous and honest



honest Life) than to be joined to one who will put him out of himself; for Marriage, as it was said before, was designed for Love, Peace and Concord, and to be Help-meets to each other; But as the Proverb says, *Maidens are so meek till they be married, that Men never so much as dream of a Toolzie till the Tocher come a-paying.*

But in the next Place, all Accomplishments as Dancing, Singing, Playing, &c, signifies nothing without Virtue, for what is there in an apish, mimical Gesture, a Compliment *à la-mode*, fixt in a Fellow with a Wind-mill in his Noddle, and a Feather in his Tail, that is so eloquent that he'll rattle over all his toom Bags at once, and talk only of fool Fashions, vain Shows, and sniffing Curiosities infused in his Head, as it were a Top-swarm of Bees breeding in his Brain, meer Apprehension of Folly and Madnels, making his Mind fancy on Things too, and his Ear a Bracelet, and has some Fragments of Plays on his Finger Ends, can whistle, sing, fiddle, &c. and dress himself in Fashion, and yet be ignorant of the Knowledge of all Learning, or other Sciences moral or divine.

Yes that's the Fellow that's esteemed a well accomplished, smart, handsome, pretty Gentleman, with your idle, vain, proud, stinking, airy, foolish, fantastick, tapic, gaping, ligen-tail'd Giglets. And

And would any but such like, sic-braind, corky-noddled, flea-lugg'd, piper-fram'd, fiddle-faced, wag-tailed Fellows fancy an idle, lazy, lubbert, leeped, nasty, fout-clacking, and a meer out-side, a pinned up Bacon, a stiched together Stand-bra, can scarce put on her own Cloths, and can do nothing else but stand like a statue, with her gogling Eyes, and black Patches, and when they are on can wear them, but when they are off is ashamed to be seen in publick for fear they prove a Scare-crow.

Let not Woman's Apparel, therefore, be any Engagement of your love to them, for as the Proverb is, Man shapes and Scissars clips, and many Times Beauty is more beholden to art, Painting and Washing, than to nature. For Vanity is now come to such a Height, that Vanity was never so vain, nor Virtue less prized in any Age than in this; for some, if they have no more in the World must retain the a-la-mode Fashion, with their old, daggled Silk Tail, and a Pair of old laced Shoes, and other ratterring Decorations, and these they will not want if they ever should lick Mustard a Month. So let Virtue be still the mark you aim at; for as the Proverb lays, He that marries before he be wise, will die or he thrive, and better to be hand-loose as bound to an ill Stake.

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The Desire of Children in a married State is not good either, for they are certain Cares but uncertain Pleasures; and as the Proverb says, *Rich Mens Sons are seldom good, and how knowest thou whither a fool or a wise man shall possess thy Estate after thee.* So that

*Marriage is like a revell'd Rout.  
He that's out would fain be in,  
And he that's in would fain be out.*

For some Women are seldom or never good, but when they are in their Bed, or else dead, as if all the Stars had combined together to make up a cross, fullen, and perverse Tormentor of Mankind.

In Relation to which take this following  
ACROSTICK, on the Word of a wicked  
W I F E.

*W Is double Woe,  
I Nothing but Jealousy,  
F Feigned flattering Fraud,  
E Nothing but Enmity.*

*If in her there be such Strife,  
Then Fates defend me from a Wife;  
For half so boldly there none can  
Clack and lie as Woman can.*

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For

For Marriage causeth many one,  
 Their doleful Case for to bemoan;  
 And if you traly Marriage view,  
 You'll count them Madmen that do woo.

For being marri'd, then what force,  
 Or Art can e'er prevail for a Divorce:  
 For Custom with Woman instead of Virtue rules,  
 It leads the wisest and commands the fools.

Only by Custom it is that virtue lives,  
 And Love requires to be ask'd before it gives;  
 For that which we call Modesty is Pride,  
 They scorn to ask and hate to be deny'd.

'Tis Custom thus prevails upon their Want,  
 They'll never beg, what's ask'd they'll easily grant,  
 And when the needless, Ceremony's over,  
 Themselves the frailty of their Sex discover.

So then observe the Power, force, and Tide,  
 Of the high Stream of Vanity and Pride,  
 Running head-long to the female Side,

For if by one thou Heritage have,  
 She'll rail, and call thee Sot and sorry Slave,  
 A beggar Wretch, to you I fortunes gave;  
 My ample fortunes, Tenements and Lands,  
 Made that fatal Hour we join'd our Hands.

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*Then her peevish Humours thou must please,  
And act the Fool a hundred thousand Ways,  
Her Slave by Night, her very Ape by Day.*

*Once married, poor Slave, thou must be content  
Thou sees thy Doom, and does in vain Repent,  
With female Fools much Talk and little Wit,  
Are sure the Darts that never fail to hit.*

*Yet some Widows who did the Seas explore,  
Was tost by Wind and Waves half wreck'd before,  
Venture again and leave the happy Shore,  
Strange that they should Experience thus abuse,  
For he that marries two Times bad has no Excuse.*

*So then let us forget the Noise and Strife,  
The Plagues and Nonsense of a wicked Wife;  
For now a Days they're grown so very rife  
That some had better live a single Life.*

*For when alone thou dost live,  
Thyself to Freedom thou mayest give,  
And your pleasant Studies may renew;  
Then to bad Women bid ay adieu.*

*For Women's Beauty is but Dust,  
So, fond Men, may you rather trust  
The Summer Winds or Oceans Constancy,  
For all their Substance is but Levity.*

*Ligt*



*Light are their waving Vials, light their Attire,  
Light are their Heads, but lighter their Desires;  
With Dress and Cloths Mens Judgments bribed be,  
For Women are most part of what we see.*

*Women far more inconstant than the Wind,  
Women by Nature to all Ill's inclin'd,  
Are sure Destroyers of a peaceful Mind.*

*False as the Sea and as the Bubble light,  
Mens Plague by Day, and Curse by Night:  
From such absent with greatest Care,  
Once caught their's no redemption from the Snare.*

*We find a Cure for other Ills of Life,  
But never one yet for a wick'd Wife;  
For marriage is to many Men,  
A Labyrinth for Tongue and Pen.*

*A Slavery great beyond enduring,  
But that 'tis of their own procuring,  
For by themselves they are betray'd,  
To leave the Freedom they enjoy'd.*

*Which doth oppress their Soul and Heart,  
Till gentle Death come with his Dart,  
Who makes an End of all Debate,  
And frees them from that wicked State.*

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But, however, if your Love be fully grounded, or fixed upon any Person destitute of Virtue, or other good properties, and labouring under known Defects or otherwise and would be very desirous to have it removed, either from solid Grounds and Reasons known to yourself, or that you find no suitable Resentments retorted,

Then consider this proverbial Verse,

*Quot Campo stores, tot sunt in amore dolores.*



And if you follow Love, it will flee from you; but if you leave it, it will follow the: For hot Love is hasty Vengeance.

*And Love's but an ague that's reverst,  
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first;  
And when the heat of Fancy's over,  
He becomes a bard and a frail Love.*

For

For which Passion of Love, or rather fits of  
mere Madness and folly, take this following  
Recipe, approved of by Doctor Experience,  
Peter Proof, and Thomas Trial, famous  
Chirurgions.



Take then four Ounces of Discretion, three  
Grains of Jocundity, eight Ounces of Consi-  
deration, seven Scruples of Advice, six great  
Gluts of the Spirit of Rue, twelve Drams of  
Indifference, two Pound of Patience, a small  
Sprig of Retirement, half a Pound of Hatred  
eight Pounds of Inconstancy, nine Pounds of Ab-

Absence, five Ounces of the Man's Shoe that never knew Sorrow, the constant Company of a Traveller, who returned Home honest and without a Lie in his Mouth. And when you have obtained all these, boil them in a China Dish six Months without Intermission, still stirring them about with the Fore-finger of an honest Man, who never told a Lie to his Mistress, for Fear of the Bishop's Foot: And as in boileth, scum it with the Scul of an Eunuch, and spread on the Skin of a discontented Lover new dead of the same Disease, and apply it blood-warm to the Heart, never taking it off till it come off itself.

Use the above rightly, and apply it exactly, and ye'll be as sound as a Salmon.

*Probatum est.*

And further, for your Diversion against Melancholy, take ten long Lilts of the Tune of the Sack Posset, so oft as you find the Fit: And for a Cordial to comfort your Heart, take ten double Drams of the Syrup of Brose next your Stomach every Morning: And for a continual Diet Drink take five great Gluts of the Decoction of Mother Wit three Times a Day.

And to keep your tender Body in moderate Exercise, make a sober Voyage with those  
Deli-



Delicates, who tar their Teeth and pin up their Tail, in order to go a long Journey down five Steps of a Stairs, and groan up three of another to see their Sister Ease, and then trip Home precisely to Bed against Night, and ye'll be as a Tyke in a Tether.

And if all this do not prevail, I am sure nothing else will do it, save applying to the Head Surgeon for your own Weight of the Powder of Cord, which is the only, sole and grand Remedy can be given against all such head-strong Distempers.

But I dare enlarge no further, for the Censorious will be ready to bid me pull out the Beam before I 'spy the mote, and set me to the Back of the Door for telling the Verity; and others will be apt to think their Money thrown away because they find themselves a little touched; and others will say we may know by the Strain of his Discourse he hath been disturbed in his Studies. And I say, that it is very true, for I had no more Time to think upon what I had said, but so long as the Goodwife was writing Rob Gib's Contract upon the Goodman's Cheek-blade with the Tongs. And so farewell.

F I N I S.

